Dear Jerry, 10/2/01

This whole sick and childish business has been harder on me than anything in recent years. The change in your attitude has been visible for years and while from time to time I'd wondered about it, sometimes shocked, like when I was just out of the nursing home and asked yo to get medicines for me you were twice two busy, I never gave it the thought I have rede tly. Rightly or wrongly I believe that Bard was bugging yu about something but I'd no idea what it could have been.

Last night was another night in which this troubled my sleep. At this stage or my life that is bad for me because several months ago the doctors at Hopkims declined to tell me what they learned in an MRI examination but did tell me there is nothing they can do to help me. They did tell me they found no artery working in either leg but nnot why thy's not do angioplasty. I have been aware of the change in the heart but not what it is and they will not tell me. Only like all the others of the past who have told me that my work is my best medicine and expressed a high opinion of my productivity at my age and with all the many medical problems If have.

Or, as I near the end of my life, what I need more than anything else not to sharten it is peace, tramquility.

And that I have not had.

Of the two things that troubled me most one is that your behavior and attitude is not that like I'd known in you. It was not and for some time has not been the man I thought I knew nor was it manly behavior. More like a spoiled child being urged on by an overbearing mother.

The other had seeral parts all coming from your thoughtlessness and your not caring.. That, too, was not like the you of years ago.

Because of the way I'd cared for you I've spent, probably wastted, much time thinking of this. But when I was awake 1st night perhaps what is the basis of it all may have come to me, that if we did not grt to her mother's funeral she got up tight about that, resented it, perhaps was offensed by it.

Aell, thelast time I was on a cemetery was for my step-father's burial, and that in the last 90s. It does the deceased no honor to collapse at their burial not does it mean anything good to the survivors. Whether I've gone to funeral homes or not has depended on how I left, particularly on how my legs felt, As you have know,

whether or not you remember it, I've been under a medical injunction not to stand still. Perior. Not at all. While from time to time I cannot avoid it and try not to b conspicuous, I do try to abide by that instruction and I'm 20 years past the time the doctors, the surgeons who operated n me, expected me to die. The first of three times. They knew what they were telling me and I was abiding by it. The change in me in this was caused by the newt(to me)local doctors who hade the orogram I was on impossible because of their medicare scams..

You know how I sit wherever I am, even in a courtroom. You know I've not driven out of Frederick, whether or not you remember it, since 1977

In short, if Barb got upset because we were not at her mother's funeral, thereis not a thing I can do about it and there is no behavior on her part that can change the reasons if we were not there.

I add reasons you both knew, whether kr not you thought about them.

Whether Barb has been bugging yu about me/us now makes no difference, although it should to you, a grown man who should be able to use his own mind. Which, it he had used it, would have told him what he knew about my limitations and problems. And that we intended no disrespect for Barb or her mother.

I can think of nothing else that could have made you so differend a man than I thought I'd know.

Whether or not it is true, and I can think of nothing else, I still feel sorry for you becuse tu could behave as badly as you did in every respect, ge amd at me because of your thorughtlessness and worse, your stupidities. and more than I do not go into.

I have no more tp say not, only that I'm sorry for you, sorry that you can behave as you have, sorry t at you were so unmanly and so unprofessional.

Harold